

CHARIVARIA.

THE CHANCELLOR's slighting reference to the Law Society in his Budget speech has caused grave offence to the members of that institution, who recently hung his portrait there. They would now like to replace the portrait by the CHANCELLOR himself.

"The rubber boom," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, "was more effective in driving off the German invader than fifty *Dreadnoughts*." It is good to know that a satisfactory substitute has been found for the timber boom which failed recently at the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour.

After the declaration of the poll for East Dorset Lady WIMBORNE threw carnations among the crowd. It is denied that the defeated side adopted the same course, with the little difference that they spelt their carnations with a "d."

Count ZEPPELIN has started on his preliminary expedition for the exploration of the Arctic regions. One great advantage of those parts is that you don't run so much risk of being caught in a tree.

Now that Henley is over, we hear that the finances of the Regatta are to be looked into, as there is considerable difficulty in making both ends meet. Various suggestions have been made, and we understand that

the proposal which is least likely to be adopted is the one emanating from a lady to the effect that competitors should be allowed to carry paying guests in their boats (Lady ABDY, for instance), upon condition that a proportion of the fees are handed over to the Regatta Committee.

What a pity it is that *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Express* find it so difficult to see eye to eye. For example, in its account of the execution of the Apache LIABEUF, the former paper referred to his "massive figure," while

the latter described him as "a slim frail creature." Differences like this will cause incalculable confusion to the future historian.

In writing to the Press to protest against the hypocritical treatment of a book of his by the libraries, Mr. NEWTE winds up with the following words: "I take leave to contend that this extensively advertised run with the

parishioner whose name the minister had mentioned in the course of prayer, asking that his misdeeds might be pardoned. It is expected that the pastor will plead that his communication was privileged.

Some time ago *Punch* suggested that a useful invention would be an umbrella which would cry out when left behind. Apparently experiments have been made on these lines with reference to other articles. The following advertisement appeared the other day in *The Evening News*:

"Lost, on Tuesday night, 28th June, at Shepherd's Bush, a small packet of papers (list of furniture on car, name on collar, Sam Glenroy, e.o. of 'Era.' Answers to the name of Bob; finder rewarded."

Ladies' hats having at last reached the limit in size, a happy thought has made its appearance in France. "The wearing of a cap beneath a hat of mammoth size" is, *The Daily Mail* tells us, the latest Paris fashion. It seems queer that this notion of wearing more than one head-gear should not have been adopted before, for its absurdity is obvious.

A reward has been offered by a lady at Peaslake, Surrey, for information as to the person who whitewashed her donkey, and then painted blue stripes on it. There would seem to be no pleasing some people. Personally, we should be proud to own what is probably the only donkey in the country which

has a neat well-fitting bathing costume.

In an age when modesty is so rare it was quite a pleasure, in the report of the Rutland slander case, to come across the following passage:

Counsel. "What are you?"

Witness. "Nothing."

Five hundred guineas were paid at the Royal Horticultural Society's show last week for a new orchid. The price seems a high one until one learns that the orchid carries with it the right to the name "Odontoglossum Smithi."



Loafer. "WOT OH, BILL! SEE YOU'VE GOT YER SPADE AND BUCKET. GOING TO SOUTHBEND TER DO A BIT O' PADDLING?"

moral hare, while hunting for profit with the ostracised hounds, is scarcely what is known as 'cricket.' We have consulted several cricket experts and find that Mr. NEWTE's contention is absolutely sound: hares and hounds have no place in the national game.

The Crystal Palace seems never to have any luck. Although produced only the other day, *The Last Days of Pompeii* are already being announced.

A Presbyterian pastor of Neoga, Illinois, is being sued for slander by a

A HUMOROUS JULY.

[Dedicated gratefully to the Worshipful Master of the Salters' Company.]

THERE was a time, too far to trace,
Ere almanacks became absurd,
When Seasons kept their proper place
And even Summer still occurred;
And there were dog-days—every dog had one—
When in the blue you sported like a puffin,
Or lashed the long-hop till your skin was done
Brown as a muffin.

'Twas then that, as the shadows fell,
And earth took on her loveliest mood,
You loathed to lose the evening's spell
And go and stuff yourself with food;
So fair, in fact, the face of Nature shone,
So well the outer world eclipsed the inner,
Strange as it now seems, you'd have gladly gone
Without your dinner.

What joy could oxtail (thick or clear),
What bliss could pigeon-pie convey
Compared with punting by the weir
Down the long beams of dying day?
Dearer, I take it, in the sunset glow,
Your toying with Belinda's tangled chignon,
Than relatively vulgar *riz-de-veau*,
Or *filet mignon*.

But, ah! those haleyon days are dead,
Killed when the weather-monger's schools
Romed in where seraphs feared to tread,
And tampered with the Seasons' rules;
We that were wont to live on dew and air
Now lurk indoors to dodge the gelid blizzard,
And Satan finds a deal of mischief there
For idle gizzards.

We never worried how to feed
When Summer used to prank the sward;
We should have mocked the gourmet's greed
For pleasures of the groaning board;
Now, thanks to blithering slush and blinding sleet,
When all the sun-forsaken ways are — wet,
There is no earthly solace save to eat
A City banquet.

Thither my sudden fancies swoop
Like hungry "dragons of the prime";
I shall be ready for the soup
Whole hours before the usual time;
God bless the Guild, whose noble halls to-night
Shelter my head from skies morose and dirty;
Worshipful Master! I'll be there all right
("Six for six-thirty.")

O. S.

The Arrivals.

To the Editor of "Punch" and all other His Majesty's
loyal subjects.

GENTLEMEN.—If on Friday, July 8, you were concerned to notice two new families in London, whereas the list of arrivals in your *Times* of that date only mentioned one, you may set your minds at rest and go about the City with light hearts, upon learning that the second family, which got out of the train at Vauxhall and is not staying at the Piccadorf Hotel, belongs to

Yours, as truly as usual,

MYSELF.

HORSES AND OLD AGE.

THE windows of my room look out on an asphalted street, where the traffic, such as it is, is never busy. Here at intervals may be seen pairs of omnibus horses, detached from their gaudy omnibus and trotting gaily to or from their work. One is bestridden by a man who, having no saddle, bounces awkwardly enough on his patient mount, and thus they clatter along the asphalt, ready to undertake the burdens of the day, or faring homeward to some neighbouring stable when their heavy toil is over. Close by, in another and a busier street, the motor omnibuses rattle and creak and roar. Soon the last horsed 'bus will have vanished, and the trotting pairs, with their jolly india-rubber riders, will no longer disturb the silence of my own retired thoroughfare. I wonder what will become of the horses, and in what haven they will spend the years of old age that fate may grant them?

Many years, I fear, they cannot have. The strain of the load they draw is too great for that. When they are young they come to their task fierily enough, but the last spark is quickly extinguished, and in no long time their limbs begin to stiffen and their heads to droop. Three or four years of constant stoppages and continual starting are theirs, and then, if they escape the degradation of a Covent Garden vegetable van, they may perhaps contribute in an altered state to the sustenance of cats or dogs. A Master of Hounds the other day declared that if he were a horse he could conceive no nobler end than that to feed and invigorate the hounds whose sport he had shared in life. As he has no chance of assuming pasterns, fetlocks, withers, a mane and a docked tail, his opinions are, perhaps, not specially valuable as a guide to the ambitions of a horse.

Quite recently, as I learn from a newspaper paragraph, "the oldest racer in the world came in first at Rosenheim, Bavaria, winning easily by four lengths over a course of about a mile-and-a-half. The veteran"—so the reporter of his prowess continued—"is twenty years old, and of English origin; but for over sixteen years has not been out of Germany. He has carried his various owners' colours to victory no fewer than thirty-four times." Before this hero, I will undertake to say, all talk of cats' meat or of hounds' meat is hushed. I imagine him in a gilded and garlanded stall, where the children of his owner visit him twice a day, bringing corn in silken bags and stimulating his appetite with carrots and apples and cubes of beet-sugar. He, at any rate, is not too old at twenty.

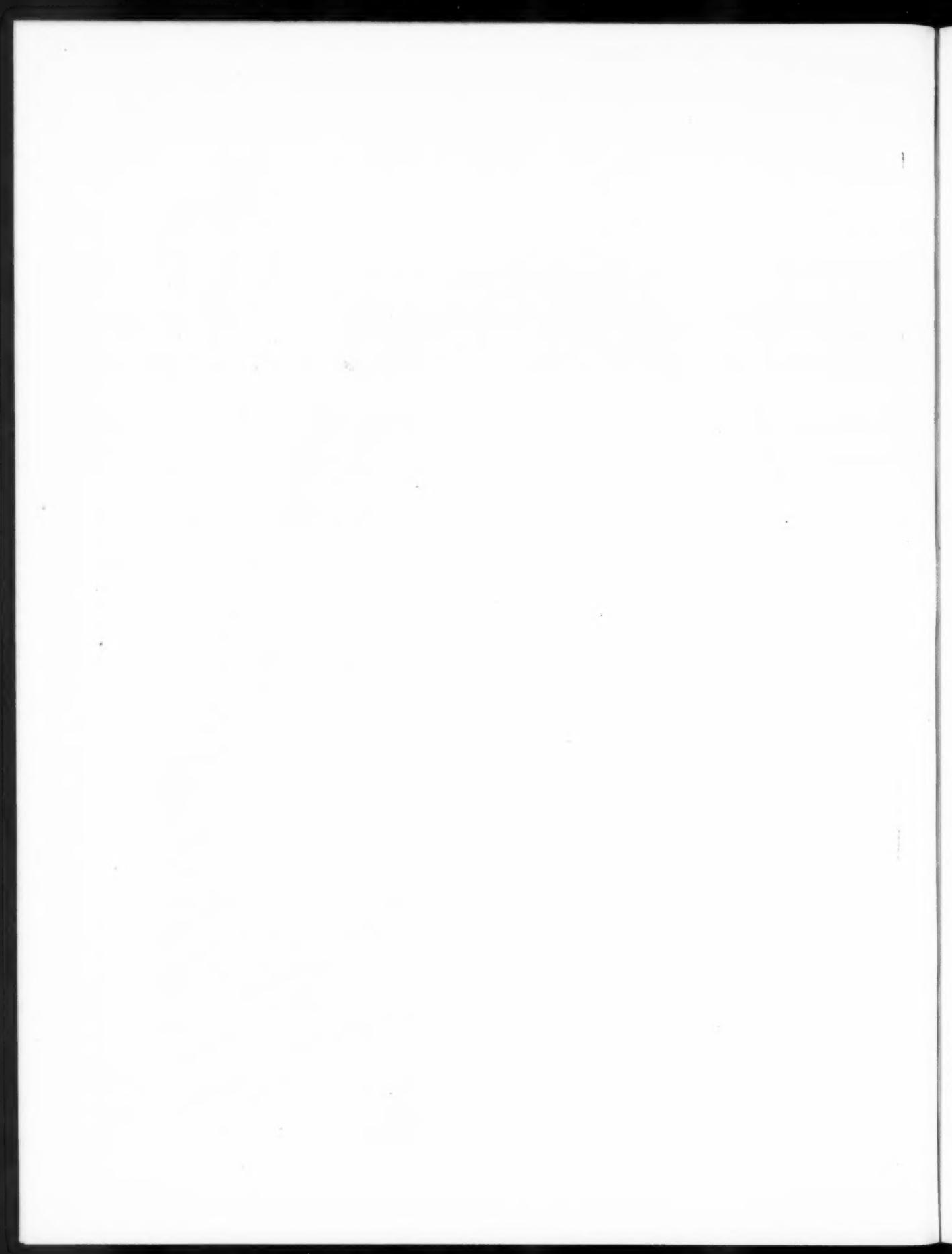
Like other animals, horses live their lives to the very last (and the last generally comes long before twenty years have passed) without apprehension of death. Long ago I remember seeing a horse that had broken its leg on a country road. The knacker had been summoned, and had, as he thought, given the death-stroke with his knife. The horse lay very still, and the knacker was chatting with the surrounding crowd. Suddenly, with a convulsive heave, the poor beast raised itself on its three sound legs, and then, hobbling painfully across the road, began to nibble grass from the bank as if nothing had happened. The next moment it had fallen again and was dead.

Horses as pets suffer under increasing disadvantages. Amongst ladies, at any rate, the rage is now for the infinitesimal. Everywhere you see Poms or Pekinese Spaniels, the most minute animals in the world, peeping out roguishly from ladies' arms, or following their mistresses on a lead with absurd importance. One breeder, I believe,



SUFFRAGIST. "IT'S NO GOOD TALKING TO ME ABOUT SISYPHUS; HE WAS ONLY A MAN!"

EXCELSIOR!





THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

rejoices in the possession of the Princess Wee-Wee, a Pekinese weighing only three pounds. Obviously horses cannot be carried about in arms, or retire for the night to a wickerwork cathedral in the corner of a bedroom.

Yet horses as friends have a thousand attractions. They are humorous and understand a joke. They are innocently mischievous and will play with their intimates. Moreover, they have a high sense of dignity. I remember a grey pony that could not bear to be laughed at. The boys of the family knew his weakness and used to go to his stall and laugh heartily. His fury and his flashing teeth, as he laid back his ears and strained at his halter to get at them, are a picture ineffaceably impressed upon my memory. And, lastly, there is about a horse a noble and uncomplaining patience which should move even the heart of a butcher-boy driving headlong over the rough country roads.

COMPANY FOR BREAKFAST.

(From Mr. Punch's List of Domestic Novelties.)

An ingenious invention for boiling coffee has recently been put upon the market. It whistles when the beverage is ready, and, in fact, does all but speak and ask to be drunk from. We take this opportunity of announcing that we have several attractive ideas of the kind up our sleeve. For instance, we expect a large demand for our new Eggophone (provisionally protected), which starts crowing as soon as the boiling-period is passed. We have great hopes, also, of the Reveillé Frying-pan, which, when the rasher is done to a turn, emits heart-rending squeals, and keeps on till the most leisurely over-sleeper is forced to spring from his bed in order to save his bacon. Our Train-catching Teapot can be timed to explode at the precise moment when its owner ought to leave for the railway station. We have a Muffineer too that rings its own bell if it thinks its contents are turning chilly. In short, we can promise some cheery society for the solitary bachelor.

A HERO'S FAREWELL.

SIBYL, without the faintest sound of protest,
Scarcely a sign,

Mindful that vows however fierce are *no test*—

Your words, not mine!—

To prove my love, to raise a Life's memorial,
I took the tip and turned a Territorial;

At once fell in

My spurs to win,

And thence, if smart, your heart.

Monday—you thought my point of view was narrow;

Tuesday—my chest;

Wednesday—you said I lacked my share of marrow—

I had no zest!

And, though indeed I thought it was a pretty size,
Thursday, my biceps you saw fit to criticise.

As Friday came

I flew in shame

My King to serve—what nerve!

Yes, dear, for you I scorned my Folkestone fortnight;

Gamely at camp

I broiled the long, long day, and writhed the short night

With cold and cramp!

“Sergeant!” I cried, “I’m Bertie; make a *man* of me!

Set me to work, use ev’ry ounce you can of me!

No need to shove—

I fight for Love!”

And—phew! He did! No kid!

Loved one, good-bye! I did my level best—

Only too well!

Here at the Hydro doctors will attest,

Nurses will tell,

Of this round cheek you stroked, how seared and thin it is;

That, that alone would shatter two affinities!

But, worst of woes,

A scarlet nose!

Farewell, dear heart! We part!

MR. PUNCH'S GOLF ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE ONLY RELIABLE GOLF DOCTOR.

SANDY MACWHAUP,
The Sanatorium, North Berwick.



I UNDERTAKE

TO CURE

Persistent Flubitis,
Socketitis,
First Tee Fright,
Ungovernable Language,
And all the ills that golfing flesh
is heir to.

N.B.—Special classes for opulent aliens in the use of the Scots dialect.

Testimonials.

AN EX-LORD CHANCELLOR writes:—"For fifty years I suffered indescribable agony from acute flub. Now I can hit the ball off the tee three times out of five."



A PRIME MINISTER writes:—"You have made a new man of me by completely curing me of my mashie shot to cover point. I wish I could give you a peerage."

A FABULOUSLY WEALTHY BARONET writes:—"Until I went in for your anti-foozie exercises I really was ashamed to show myself on a first-class links. Now I face the responsibility of my tenancy of — Castle with perfect equanimity. P.S.—Your instruction in the Scotch accent has been most successful. Playing at Hayling Island the other day, I was twice taken for a Southsea Highlander."

REMEMBER!

The BEST BALLS are the DEAREST.

Note our List:—

The "BOOMERANG" . . . 35/- per doz.

When hit into a hazard comes back to the player with a smile on its face.

The "HYPODERMIC" . . . 48/- per doz.

With sloe gin core and hypodermic syringe for thirsty golfers.



The "SQUEAKER" . . . 50/- per doz.

With Vox humana stop. Cries out when lost.

The JOPPA MANUFACTURING Co., Joppa, N.B.

WHY PLAY WITH THE OLD CLUBS?

GO TO MACFADYEN'S FOR THE DERNIER Cri in Golf Implements.

The "SWISHER"

Lead Shaft and Rubber Head

Or,

Rubber Shaft and Lead Head,
Makes a Weak Player strong and a
Strong Player weak,
Thus maintaining the Law of
Compensation.

The "BEERBOHM"

For lofting over Trees.

The "KILBIN"

For playing backwards and for bad lies.

McFADYEN, FREAKE & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS TO THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR,
Portobello, N.B.

THE "DUMPLING"
(with Suet Core).

Will stay on any green, no matter
how fiery.

Invaluable for Short Approaches.

Some *Fins* Players on the "DUMPLING."

Miss DOLLY VARDON writes:—"It is the nearest approach to a poached egg that I know."

JAMIE JOBSON writes:—"It is a most appetising pilule, and goes very well with marmalade or apricot jam."



MUNGO MACPHERSON (after laying the "Dumpling" dead with his mashie) sings:—

"Of all the balls that are so smart
There's none to touch the 'Dumpling,'

It is the darling of my heart,
And shows no signs of crumpling."

NIGEL McHAFFIE, THE BENTS, ROMFORD.

PENNYCUIK & CO., Golf Experts.

Specialities . . .

Pennycuik's Calves'-foot-Jelly-faced Putter.

Pennycuik's Jumble Sale Baffy.

Algernon Ashton's Reversible

Brookwood Bashie.

The Bessemer-faced Bull-Pup

Brassie.



Sole Agents for . . .

Metchnikoff's Bulgarian Bulger.
Write or call at 24, Duff Court, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCILLY ISLANDS.—Twelve hours from London; five days from America. Vegetables, Early Asparagus, Casino, etc.

GOLF BY THE GOLF STREAM!
THE PARADISE OF PUTTERS.

BLIND HOLES FOR SHORT-SIGHTED PLAYERS.

SAMPHIRE ON ALL THE GREENS.

THE ELECTORAL REFORMER'S MARSEILLAISE.

[Proportional Representation has now definitely entered the sphere of practical politics. This is an electoral method, dreadfully abstruse and involving long mathematical calculations, by which Parliament is to become a faithful miniature of the electorate. Its exponents, headed by Lord AVEBURY, are moving heaven and earth for its adoption. The following will, we trust, enable them to give articulation to their burning zeal.]

SONS of a noble race, arise!

Our country sorely needs us;
On us Britannia turns her eyes,

A man of title leads us!

Unsheath we then our trusty swords
(By which we mean statistics);
The earth shall mark our weighty words
And learn our cabalistics.

Once more, *aux armes!* The promised land

Is reasonably near us;
The people cannot understand
Our facts, but they will cheer us!
The opposition may be strong,
But only for a season—
No man can argue with us long
And still retain his reason.

Then let's prepare to shed our blood
(In metaphoric diction),
Nor grudge the sacrificial flood
(Continuing the fiction);
And at our mast this signal float
To strengthen our endeavour,
"The Single Transferable Vote—
And Algebra—for ever!"

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

AN unenthusiastic meeting of inquiry and protest took place in the nursery one wet afternoon last week. Norman organised the meeting, took the chair, and was the principal speaker, and in a limited capacity acted as steward. Standing on the table, among a regiment of leaden infantry and the underclothes of a junior doll, he cleared his throat and began :

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

"That's not fair, Norman; why leave out Peter?" asked Margaret. Peter at once showed that he was no gentleman, and after the disturbance had subsided Norman began again.

"Is it fair, is it just—" he said.

"Is it honest, is it manly?" said Margaret.

"Look here, Margaret," said Norman hotly, "you agreed to play, so don't spoil it. Peter, you might listen!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Peter, genially.

"What are you talking about?" asked Margaret.

"All joking apart," said Norman,



Small Visitor (at the Naval and Military Tournament). "I WAS PLAYING AT SOLDIERS YESTERDAY."

"it doesn't seem fair that he should have" (here he referred to his notes) "£87,000 a year, while I have only threepence a week."

"Socialist!" said Margaret with scorn.

"Don't use long words you don't know the meaning of," Peter advised. "How much a year is threepence a week, Mortimer major?" he asked, addressing Norman.

"Not more than a pound or two—and he's going to have no less than" (he looked at his notes once more) "£870,000 a year."

"The right honourable gentleman said £87,000 just now; does the right horrible gentleman know what he's talking about?" asked Margaret, taking up a book and settling down comfortably in the window-seat. Peter was already busy with a paint-box and

a highly-coloured copy of a railway engine.

"What I say is, Father ought to afford a bit more than threepence a week," continued Norman feebly, to an audience reduced to fat Joan. "Of course, I'm not Prince of Wales—"

"Indeed?" Margaret murmured, turning a page.

"—so I shouldn't expect so much as he gets. But think what I could do, even if I had only a shilling a week."

"Mummy," cried Joan to the intruder, "Norman says he's goin' to have a shinning a week, and ven he can buy me a big pamblator for my littlest dolly!"

"Jessop was betting 2 hours."—*Evening News.*

We hope he had a good day.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

MISS MIDDLETON sighed, helped herself to an almond, and tried again.

"Did you go to the Horse Show?" she asked.

"No," I said.

"Oh dear, I did think you would say 'Yes' that time. You know, you don't give conversation a chance if you keep on saying 'No' to everything I ask you."

"Have you ever fallen off the top of St. Paul's Cathedral?" I asked.

"Yes," said Miss Middleton at once. "Heaps and heaps of times. There's quite a crowd at the top of Ludgate Hill now, when they know I'm going up."

"Oh!" I said, rather taken aback.

"Go on. Now you should ask me if I mind much, and what it feels like when I get to the bottom. And then you'd find that you knew a man who slipped off the Albert Hall once, and we should compare notes and get awfully interested. And perhaps I might ask you to come and see mother."

"I have met Mrs. Middleton," I said, and returned to my thoughts.

"Oh, what's the matter? You won't talk, and you aren't eating—at least, not like sometimes. Has your favourite son run away to sea?"

"He has not. And if you want to know what's the matter, it's this. I'm bored, and disgusted, and—and—

"Desiccated," suggested Miss Middleton.

"No, that's not the word at all."

"It's a nice little word, though; I read it the other day. 'Transmogrified'—that's bigger."

"Well, simply sick to death—of the weather."

Miss Middleton turned away and gazed in the other direction with great interest.

"I'm not looking at you," I said. "But I should like to know, before I go on: are you blushing?"

"Of course not. Well, sort of colouring up a little, perhaps."

"You may well. Do you remember a certain day in April, when we talked about the summer, and you solemnly promised me that this year it would be fine? And you implored me to believe, and I said that I would."

"Did I?"

"I might have spent the summer in New Zealand, where it's always fine, or in bed, where it doesn't matter; but you persuaded me to give the thing just one more trial. And now where are we?"

"You know," said Miss Middleton timidly, after a pause, "it isn't being

such a bad summer, after all, according to the papers."

"Oh, that's what's so mean about it. The rain stops now and then, and the sun comes out perhaps, just so as they can both get a good place in the statistics. As if we didn't *know* we were having a beastly summer! as if we cared a hang how many inches of rain or hours of sunshine there were when we can *see* that it's spoiling everything!"

I finished my glass fiercely and waved away the bird.

"And the worst of it is," I added, "I haven't an umbrella."

"Mightn't you buy one?" suggested Miss Middleton.

"How can I, after I've promised you to believe in the summer? Of course if I had my old one—but I lost that at a wedding. They're tricky things, weddings. They take your umbrella as soon as look at you."

"I always use one of mother's."

"Couldn't I too?" I asked hopefully.

Miss Middleton was silent for a little, and I supposed that she was considering my offer. However, it appeared that she was thinking of something else.

"I do think we are all awfully nice about the weather," she began seriously.

"I am often even nicer than this," I said, in some surprise.

"Oh, I don't mean you—you've been a pig; when you know I *did* want you to have a nice summer so badly. I mean all of us. We have a fortnight of rain, and then, when we get one fine day at last, we're all as grateful as anything, and we go about smiling and saying thank you, and quite forgetting all the wet days. Just notice if we don't, when the next good day comes."

"Perhaps we shall never have a good day again."

"Oh, yes, we shall. And you'll go and sit in somebody's garden—"

"Yours."

"But how nice of you! Well then, in mine, and you'll think it's the very jolliest world that ever was made, and what a lucky man you are to be given such a wonderful morning."

I considered this carefully; and I also considered the last fortnight. I decided to concentrate on the last fortnight.

"Meanwhile," I said, "here we are, and it's time something was done by way of protest. The only difficulty is to know what to do. In America, when it's a nasty dull sort of day, they can always go out and burn a black man or two; but so effete is our own civilisation—"

"We might try throwing stones at Greenwich. Do you think if we broke the Observatory windows—"

"My idea was to go to Hyde Park and hiss. I don't know how that strikes you? You see, if we went together we could share Mrs. Middleton's umbrella."

"Why do you harp on the umbrella? I suppose you think I ought to give you a new one?"

"I think you ought to give me permission to buy one."

"Oh, no! It is going to be fine now."

"Then may I have my aqua-seutum lengthened?"

"Oh, don't keep on thinking about the bad days," implored Miss Middleton; "think about the good one that's coming. The wetter it is now, you know, the more you'll enjoy the change."

"Right," I said. "I'll remember that."

Later, in the hall, they asked me whether I'd have a hansom or a taxi.

"Neither, thanks," I said cheerfully. "The wetter I get now, the more I shall enjoy changing." And I plunged into the rain.

A. A. M.

ON THE MAKING OF FRIENDS.

SOME say that I got inside the train. Anyhow, there was a luncheon-car, and that was where the porters threw me. Someone picked me up, brushed my clothes and sat me down in a little seat before a little table and left me there praying that the little seat opposite me might remain vacant.

People whom you don't know are always detestable, particularly in trains. Witness the concentrated hatred of the four corner - seat holders when you open their door and propose to become the fifth occupant of their compartment. It isn't simply that they dislike the idea of your possibly talking to them. What they dislike is the fact that you exist. They hate you; you hate them; and you all join together and hate the sixth man who gets in at the next stop. So I prayed that I might have no *vis-à-vis* on this journey; but at Birmingham some more porters threw another man in and he was put to sit opposite me. We just frowned sourly and made it quite clear that we detested the sight of each other. I was led to suppose that I was, after all, too insignificant to care twopence about; he, that his collar was dirty, his tie climbing up the back of it, his boots down at heel and himself utterly ignoble. He sat down in such a way that he kicked my shins. "What

meanwhile," I said, "here we are, and it's time something was done by way of protest. The only difficulty is to know what to do. In America, when it's a nasty dull sort of day, they can always go out and burn a black man or two; but so effete is our own civilisation—"



IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

"WOT'S 'E FOLLERIN' THE COPPER FOR?"

"IT'S ONLY 'IS BLOOMIN' SIDE. 'E WANTS PEOPLE TO FINK 'E'S DONE SOMEFINK!"

disgustingly hard shins the lower classes have!" he clearly thought. "A vile thing!" my expression was meant to convey. "I wonder if it will make a noise with its food." Then he got behind his *Telegraph* to protect himself from infection, and, in returning the compliment, I managed to unfold my *Morning Post* in such a way as to cause him a maximum amount of draught and discomfort.

With the beginning of lunch and the arrival of the fish he said, "I hope I may never set eyes on you again, but will you take a little salt?"

"Sir," I answered, "you are a contemptible worm, but permit me to pass you the pepper." Later I continued, "Odious creature, I cannot help confessing to you my surprise that out of a kitchen 2 ft. by 1 ft. they can produce a meal apparently without limits."

"Cad though you are," he replied, "I quite agree. Further, it may interest you to know that I am by profession an inventor."

It did interest me a little. It came to interest me very much. I laughed at his mild jokes, and he leant across the table to tap me on the chest. "Yes, my dear Sir," he said, "I go to my office at nine every morning and invent. Sometimes it is a vacuum-cleaner, sometimes a needle-puncher, and sometimes an antiseptic tooth wash."

"Really, old man," said I, "if you don't mind being overheard by the cads and the contemptible worms in this car, you might tell me all about it."

He practically climbed over the table to embrace me, as he told me all about it. At any rate, his boots managed to wipe themselves on my trousers. "Oh, but I'm sorry," he said. "Not at all," I answered.

On arriving at Euston, "Good-bye," said I. "It has been a real pleasure to me to travel with such a perfect gentleman."

"Nonsense, Sir," said he. "The

pleasure and privilege have been mine. Good-bye; we may never meet again."

We met again about five minutes later in the Tube, and somehow I wished we had not. It's all very well being amused in a luncheon-car, but, when you're in London, you always stand the chance of being seen by people who know you and are apt to judge you by your friends. Besides, the man talked too much. Reaching Charing Cross, we parted with some more good-byes, and met again on the top of a Liverpool Street bus. At Chancery Lane he said, "I don't know whether to get off here and patent some inventions, or to go to my head office in the City and invent some patents. Where are you going?"

"That all depends," I said, and as he eventually decided to get off there I went on to the City, not because I wanted to go there, but because . . . Oh, well, I have come to the conclusion that people are detestable, after all, whether you know them or not."



ORPHEUS WITH HIS TOOT.

THE SOUL-STIRRING TONES OF THE LATEST MOTOR MUSIC MAY BE ALL VERY WELL, BUT WHAT IF TOO HIGH A PITCH OF PERFECTION IS REACHED !

TRUE MODESTY.

It was not at the Oval nor at Lord's
Nor where the level sweep is large and trim,
And eager *cognoscenti* come in hordes,
That (tell it on the sounding clavichords)
You made that hundred, Jim.

No, 'twas a contest more of luck than skill :
The pitch a trifle marred by plantain roots,
The enemy less apt to field than till
(Few had the samite wear and fewer still
Could boast the buckskin boots).

Five times they missed you from the lofting ball ;
The peerless length that county bowlers keep
Was not for them, and (take it all in all)
There are who might have been disposed to call
Your laurels fairly cheap.

But not the way you took them ! that was grand :
The modest air, the deprecating mien,
As who should say, " Of course I made a stand,
But fortune favoured still my good right hand
And made my cow-shots clean."

And when "the tumult and the shouting" died,
The hearty handshake and the dorsal smack,

When stumps were pulled, and on the homeward ride
Our tongues to other themes began to glide,
The way you brought us back !

Saying, " Remember how I snicked that chance
Right through the slips ; their bowlers had no luck ;
The fat one with the pace and curious prance,
The one from whom I made that leg-side glance,
He often had me stuck."

The way you sympathised with those that fell,
Giving the scorers neither pain nor care,
And still the story of your flukes would tell,—
Was ever knightly hero knew so well
The conscious bays to wear ?

And, if before they paid their rightful debt,
These lips of mine from weariness were shut,
Here on the harp, O James, and don't forget,
I hymn you as a bashful violet,
A self-obscuring nut.

EVOE.

" A. Lindsay started by deep cutting Bridges to the ropes, and followed up with a string of braces, taken indiscriminately from both bowlers." —*Saturday Post*.

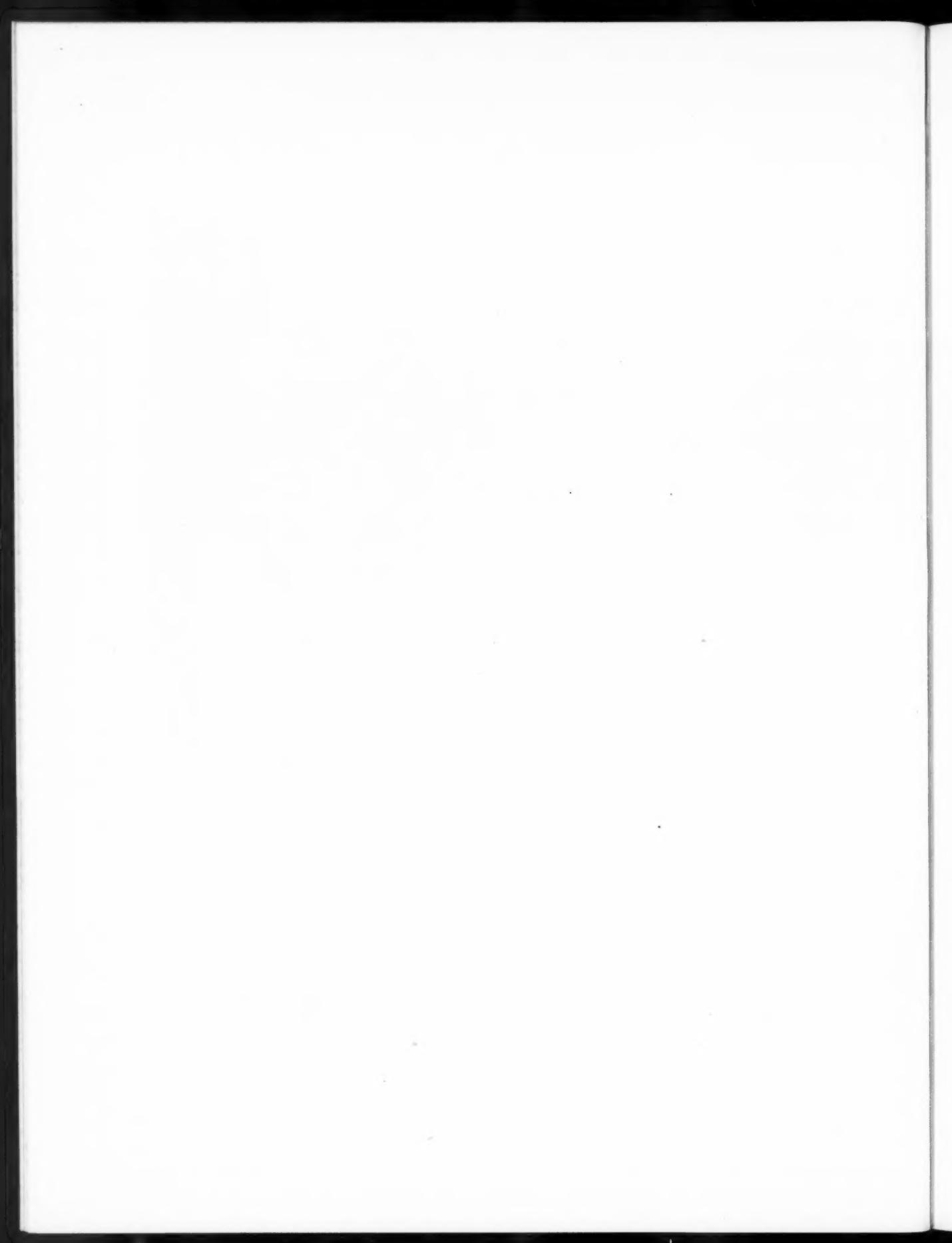
Another time, LINDSAY should provide his own braces, or string, or whatever it is he affects.



HARD LABOUR.

JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT (*on a Saturday morning, wistfully*). "AH, IF I'D ONLY DONE MY BIT OF OVERTIME THIS WEEK, I NEEDN'T HAVE MISSED THE DEAR OLD JAUNT!"

[It is proposed that Judges of the High Court should be required to sit on Saturdays, unless they make up time during the rest of the week.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, July 4.— After two hours spent in Commons strolled across corridor intent on discovering whether on the green earth there were a duller place. Found it in the Lords. SAYE AND SELE on his legs moving Second Reading of Bill designed to regulate foreign traffic in broken-down horses. About a score of Peers present in subtly sympathetic state of decrepitude. Had they just learnt that Conference had decided to recommend abolition of Veto could not have presented more funereal aspect.

To this state of affairs SAYE AND SELE contributed speech that raised him at a bound to first rank of orators. Object of his measure commends itself to every kindly heart. Amid clash of more pretentious business success needed nice management. This forthcoming. As in low voice, occasionally faltering accents, with doleful countenance, he pleaded the cause of the dumb and destitute, one could almost hear the footfall of the doomed horse on the hard pavement as it slowly wended its way to the docks to take ship for Antwerp; could see its work-worn frame; observe its wistful regard of the occasional sausage shop passed en route; recognise its pained consciousness of conditions under which (if ever) it would return to its native land.



THE DERBY FAVOURITE.

"We recall his breezy manner in the Lobby as he went about the business of the Whip."

(The Earl of Derby.)



A LITTLE QUIET CHAT WITH MY FRIEND BIRRELL.

"I confidently hope that ere long Mr. Russell will be sitting by my side again. *I know nothing would give Mr. Russell greater pleasure. (Loud laughter.)*"

(Mr. Birrell's speech on the temporary disappearance from the House of Commons of Mr. T. W. Russell.)

Speech a masterpiece of artistic conception, flawless rendering.

Effect on Earl of DERBY, who followed, remarkable. For years we knew him in the Commons as Lord STANLEY. Recall his breezy manner in the Lobby as he went about the business of the Whip, his brief but pointed speeches when, on return from South Africa, having seen active service as Chief Press Censor (Dispatches), he was appropriately promoted to the War Office. To-night, seated almost opposite SAYE AND SELE, he relapsed into forlorn attitude familiar when he was Postmaster-General worried by demands of working staff for shorter hours and longer pay. Interposing in debate he spoke as one who had come to bury the horse, not to mount it. Like other noble lords who followed, he heartily approved the principle of measure which is about to be commended to friendly care of Commons.

Over scene thus artistically shadowed one gleam of light flashed. Came from unexpected quarter of Orders of the Day. These are circulated for information of Peers. For title, paper bore the legend, "Notices and Orders of the Day for Monday the 4th of July." This on first page. Turning over leaf one found set forth in black letter, enclosed in double lines so as to mini-

mise chance of its being overlooked by the most casual backwoodsman, the announcement, "There will be no Evening Sitting of the House on Thursday the 30th of June."

Frequently admitted by most censorious critics of House of Lords that in comparison with Commons it is the more business-like assembly. Here was crowning proof of its orderliness, its precision, its observance of detail, matters which, apparently unimportant, go to build up orderly, effective business system.

Business done.—Officially announced that the House will not sit last Thursday. Bill dealing with Continental traffic in broken-down horses read second time.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Period which sufficed for the accomplished work of to-day shows what House can do when it puts shoulder to wheel. Progress made exceeds a week's achievement under ordinary conditions. After usual cloud of questions, for practical purposes signifying nothing, entered upon Committee on Regency Bill. Came to the front those eminent constitutional authorities, KING and LUTTRELL, with many amendments designed to correct what ASHLEY, with tears in ordinarily inquisitorial eyes, described as "the magnificent

work standing to credit of the Regency Act during the last 100 years."

PREMIER, in charge of Bill, received valuable support from Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, whom strangers in gallery were shocked to hear alluded to as "the junior Member for the City of London." There's nothing junior about FREDERICK unless it be in personal appearance suggestive of perennial youth. As a statesman he is senior to most of his contemporaries in present House. With his assistance, Bill passed through Committee with immaterial amendments.

Item. Accidents in Mines Bill, in charge of MASTERSMAN READY, passed second reading amid chorus of approval.

Judicial Bench next stormed. Bill proposing to add two Judges to King's Bench Division of High Order of Justice came up on Report stage. MARKHAM moved new clause requiring Judges to make annual return of number of days they have sat. Principle familiar at dockyards and other large labour establishments where time-keeper ticks off hours of attendance.

MARKHAM, acknowledging that our Judges are all honourable men, refrained from insistence on that invidious condition.

"Leave it to the Judges," he said in effect. "Here and there may possibly be a generous enlargement of view. What, according to the clock, has been half a day's labour, or even a quarter, may, in the hurry of the moment, be entered as full time. On the whole, their Lordships may confidently be counted upon to make full and fair returns."

(Wait till they catch him in one of their courts!)

PREMIER, whilst objecting to this way of putting it, admitted laxity with respect to Saturday sittings. Some Judges make a habit of dating their week-end from Friday afternoon. Others, constrained by conscience, put in an appearance late on Saturday morning and, like CHARLES LAMB at the India Office, make up for it by going away early. On the understanding that, if the Judges do not sit on Saturdays, they shall through the week work overtime, MARKHAM withdrew new clause and Report stage agreed to.

Trifle thrown in by second reading of Bill dealing with election of aldermen in municipal boroughs, and at twenty minutes to nine House adjourned.

Business done.—Prodigious.

Friday.—"It's very difficult to get round this question," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, pulling down an imaginary sou'wester set to win'ard.

Was not trying to get round Land's



THE TAVISTOCK DIVISION.

He had designs on "the magnificent work standing to the credit of the Regency Act during the last hundred years."

(Mr. H. C. F. Luttrell.)

End in a gale on a starless night. What he was endeavouring safely to skirt were Income Tax Resolutions of the Budget. House dealing with them



CHARLIE B. "BEACHED AGAIN!"

As an inspired Irish Member promptly described it.

(Admiral Lord Charles Beresford.)

in Committee of Ways and Means. Majority of Members preceding in debate had more or less confined themselves to subject. JOHN DILLON, by exception turning aside to deal with Whisky Tax, bitterly complained that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had "burned his boats in such emphatic manner." If it must be, JOHN likes that sort of spiritting done gently, with absolute freedom from emphasis.

Possibly it was mention of boats that turned CHARLIE's gaze seaward. As GOLDSMITH tells of his Traveller, in all his wanderings "his heart untravelled fondly turns to home." So our plump sailor-boy, having with more or less emphasis burned his boats and come ashore, cannot control the wayward trend of his heart towards the unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea, and the additional Dreadnoughts that ought to be afloat upon it.

Unfortunately, in making for blue water, CHARLIE got under influence of various undercurrents. These were, *inter alia*, the domination of the Irish Members; the possibilities of Socialism; and proposals for reforming the House of Lords, which led him to remark that "the House of Commons itself wants reforming."

CHAIRMAN interposed with quiet remark: "I think it is time the noble Lord came to the Budget of the year."

"Ay, ay, Sir," chirruped CHARLIE; "starboard it is," and slewed round to consideration of Ministerial Naval programme.

Getting on very well till it flashed across his mind that "the Budget of the year is voted by the House of Commons, the House of Commons is elected by the people, and if there are 53,000 voters sending one man to the House, and 1,700 sending another man —"

"Order! order!" cried the inexorable CHAIRMAN. "The Budget has nothing to do with the Franchise."

It was here that CHARLIE made his moan about the "difficulty of getting round this question." Gave up the job. Made all taut and anchored for the night.

Business done.—In Committee on Budget Bill.

"The scores should not be counted nor may the targets be touched by any person other than an umpire after being fired at."—*Daily Mail*.

We can see the umpire after being fired at hastily flattening himself against the target for protection.

"The match was unfinished owing to measles. Mr. Stephen's were compelled to scratch."—*The Harrovian*.

Very irritating.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

FASHIONS AND A SCANDAL.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I've a simply thrilling bit of news for you. People are actually beginning to *walk*, my dear—and in town! It's getting quite *quite* usual to send away one's car and walk home from shopping or calling, even as much as two or three streets! *Par conséquent*, there's been a slump, as far as *certain* people are concerned, in smart, small-sized boots and shoes that they could only wear to *sit still in*, and, as SHAKSPEARE says, Those walk now who never walked before.

Partly we've been frightened by what Professor Dimsdale told us in one of his *Thé Causeries* at the Fal-lal. The series was on Lost Arts, and he chose Walking for one of his subjects. He said that if people continued getting about by motoring and aeroplaning and all that sort of thing the race would gradually alter; everyone would get enormously stout, and legs and feet would at last become extinct! *Wasn't* it a ghastly idea? Whatever sort of fashions would be worn then! Of course I don't undertake to dispute the *whole* of the prediction, but it seems to me, as far as my own observation of my dear friends goes, that *feet*, at all events, are in *no* danger of becoming extinct—quite the reverse! However, we've all been horribly frightened, and now we're walking.

Some had forgotten how to do it, and had to be taught all over again, like old babies,—the Duke and Duchess of Dunstable, among others. Being both stout and stodgy, and not nearly so young as they'd like to be, they took fright badly at the dear Professor's hideous prediction, and now that they've learned to walk again they're always at it. When it's too wet to walk out of doors, as it generally is, they trudge up and down the big ballroom at Dunstable House; and I hear each is so aggravated at seeing the other grinding away, they're on worse terms than ever.

And the craze doesn't stop at walking. None of the chaperons will sit still or play bridge at parties now. They've all caught the exercise-panic and insist on dancing. I gave a boy-and-girl dance for my little cousin, Rosemary, the other night, and I simply couldn't prevent the chaperons from dancing. Those that were too old and too weird to get real partners danced with each other. They *entirely* spoilt the look of my rooms.

Madame Blagueuse is another who's been giving *Thé Causeries*. One of



Young Officer (who is notorious for getting leave whenever possible, to C.O.) "I WANTED TO ASK YOU, SIR, IF I MIGHT HAVE A FEW DAYS' LEAVE?"

C.O. "WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?"

Young Officer. "WELL—ER—I THINK I WANT A CHANGE OF AIR."

C.O. "OH! IS THAT IT? THEN I THINK YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE FOR A CHANGE!"

them was on Beauty, and the room was packed at five guineas a head. She told us *all* women were beautiful; that all they had to do was to *accentuate* their *individuality* and *cultivate charm*; and that *no* woman need ever grow old; wrinkles and grey hair and stoutness were *merely* the result of mismanagement! It was simply dilly to see *ces autres* drinking it all in with their tea and swallowing it with their ices, and going away quite pleased and perky.

I was telling Norty about it afterwards, and he said if all women are beautiful then those who are *really* nice to look at must find a new word for themselves, and that I'm to find that word. He too had a *Thé Causerie* (anyone who has anything or nothing to say makes a *Thé Causerie* o' it now) at the Recherché the other day on "Nature the great Anti-Socialist." He did make us laugh. He said there were no inequalities of fortune so glaring as Nature's inequality in the dis-

tribution of *fat*!—that one only had to watch the people on a public promenade to become aware of this injustice, a large percentage of the passers-by being made contemptible by utter lack of fat or ridiculous by excess of it. He wondered if "socialistic legislation proposed to deal with this point, and to demand that each person should have a reasonable amount of fat and no more!"

I was complimenting him later on his *Causerie*, and said I hoped *some day* his talents would put him in his proper place. He asked, What place? Why, Prime Minister, of course, I told him. And then he asked what he had done to offend me that I should hope for such a *disgraceful future* for him! He's a funny boy.

Oh, my dearest! People are whispering such a *quaint* little storiette about—guess—guess—and guess again!—about *Stella Clackmannan*, of *all* women! She's had the reputation for being *absolutely* immaculate, you know, as our nicknames for her, The Saint, and The Icicle, show. There've been plenty of stories about everyone else, but about *her* there's always been the most extraordinary story of all—that there was *no story*! It's true that *some* people have said her straight running was owing to the fact that the Duke is a mere *demon* of jealousy, with all the furious fierceness of his forbears, the old Chiefs of Clan Kiltibeg, as shown in the Clackmannan crest and motto, a drawn claymore and "Slay and spare not," and that poor *Stella* has always been afraid that if he found her out in the *teeniest* little piccadilly he'd catch up the family crest and act the family motto; but I don't know about that. Anyhow, here's the story.

You remember a mannequin we noticed when you were with me last summer, and we went to "Olga's" one afternoon—a tall, pale, statuesque girl, with a deliciously haughty way of saying, "Yes, modom," and "No, modom." Oh, you *must* remember her! She showed two creations that I bought—"The Dream and the Waking," poppies worked on black mousse-line-de-soie, and dawn and sunrise suggested in the shaded colours of the train; and "Arrière Pensée," in mauve and white charmeuse, with a hint of tears in the touches of crystal embroidery and a big bunch of purple pansies on the left shoulder, and another tucked behind the left ear. We remarked that, allowing for her being five or six years younger than dear *Stella*, and having perhaps half an inch more height and less waist, she was almost her double. Everyone used to talk about the startling like-

ness. *Stella* herself was amused at it, and made a sort of *protégée* of the girl, and, according to *les chuchoteuses*, made use of the extraordinary likeness to send the mannequin to fulfil some of *Stella's* own philanthropic engagements (opening and shutting things, you know, and giving away prizes and so on), at one or two boresome, out-lying places that didn't matter much. And then something happened. Oh no! I don't mean that the girl broke down and gave the show away. I believe she played the *Duchess à merveille*, and completely imposed on the savage tribes; but on one of these occasions a letter was in some way

have stepped down from her little stone niche and taken off her halo. Halos must be wretchedly cold, heavy, head-achy, heartachy things to wear!

Ever thine, *BLANCHE.*

EVOE VICTIS!

(By our *Sloptimist*.)

THERE is nothing that marks the onward progress of humanity, in spite of many lapses, more nobly than the treatment of the conquered. In ancient Rome the situation was tersely summed up in the iron phrase, *Vae victis*—"Woe to the vanquished." Conquered kings adorned the triumph of their victors, and languished in dungeons until death put an end to their sufferings.

Nor were the Greeks more considerate. *SOCRATES*, who in our time might have been a popular and successful preacher, was obliged to drink hemlock simply because he failed to convince his judges of the excellence of his intentions.

Even in "the so-called nineteenth century" this evil tradition lingered on, and *NAPOLEON*, instead of being allowed to share the Waterloo Stakes with his victor, was brutally banished to St. Helena.

Happily we have changed all that now. It is no longer the inhuman practice of civilised countries to trample on the defeated.

JACK JOHNSON, the champion prize-fighter, has pocketed £24,000 as the reward of his prowess. But *JEFFRIES*, the defeated giant, gets more than £23,000 as *his* share.

Dear friends, if we cannot always be top dog, let us at least strive to render the position of the inferior animal financially durable.



AN ILLUSTRATED POSTER.

conveyed to the fictitious *Stella*, a letter meant for the *real* *Stella*, a *love-letter*, my own *Daphne*, showing that our dear *Saint* not only had an admirer, but didn't exactly *frown* on him. Now, isn't that *absolutely*? As to what happened afterwards, opinions are divided. Some people say the girl still has the letter, holds it over *Stella's* head like somebody's sword, and blackmails her. Others say *Stella* had copies made of the Clackmannan jewels, sold the real ones, bought the letter, and sent the girl to New Zealand, or British Columbia, or Fiji, or somewhere. Anyhow, "Olga's" tall, statuesque mannequin vanished utterly, and *Stella* did a long rest-cure. Of course, we're all most enormously amused, and—well, yes—just a teeny bit pleased, that our dear *Saint* should

From a Catalogue:—

"1 New Zealand Kea Parrot (*Nestor Notabilis*), very fine specimen. These are the birds which devour sheep alive. This specimen is very tame and feeds from hand, also very amusing."

We can well imagine its being extremely funny—with somebody else's hand.

Water-on-the-Brain.

The Daily Mirror on the divining-rod:

"On several occasions the thick end of the stick rose up and struck the operator on the head. On these spots, he asserted, water would be found fifty feet down."

His head, even at the swollen spots, can't have been as thick as that.

"At half-time the visitors fell off," says *The Field*, in reporting a polo match. A most unfortunate accident.

A DIALOGUE.

The Sunshade. Well, my dear, I'm glad to see you again. We don't often meet, do we? You're looking fine and commanding as ever.

The Matinée Hat. Not quite, I'm afraid. But I'm feeling very well, considering.

The S. Considering what, dear?

The M. H. Why, considering that I'm indoors so much. Now, you—no wonder you have such a bright complexion. You get so much open air.

The S. Yes, but I don't know but what I should like a little indoor life too. You see so many plays. How interesting! I never see any. I hear a little of them now and then, but I can see nothing. What are they like just now?

The M. H. Oh, they're always the same, in the main. But just lately there's been rather more talk than usual. So far as I can understand—it's the new drama, the Repertory brand, you know—there's something important left out; but I don't quite know what it is. Harry's bottle, is it? Something like that.

The S. Don't you mean ARISTOTLE?

The M. H. Yes, that's it. How clever of you to know! How did you find out?

The S. They were talking about it at Lord's last week. At the Eton and Harrow match.

The M. H. Oh, yes. You go there, of course. How delightful! Did you like it?

The S. I liked being there, of course, although I prefer Ascot. But it's not the cricket I care about so much as the remarks of the men behind who can't see. I love men when they're angry.

The M. H. Shall I tell you a secret, dear? So do I. That's why I'm so glad when we go to the back row of the stalls, because then I can hear the people in the pit. So droll—so idiomatic.

The S. You're luckier than I am. I never hear that kind of talk, though I suppose I might if we went to the cheaper seats. It's a darling feeling to know that you're preventing people from seeing, isn't it?

The M. H. Perfect. I wouldn't miss it for anything.

The S. Nor I.

From Answers to Correspondents in *The Assam Era*:

"Our present King-Empress' birth anniversary is 3rd not 2nd June. We were of belief that every one, however ignorant, knew that. Apparently there are some ignorami who do not know it."

That's rather a nasty one for somebody.



Farmer (to Lady who has taken rooms at the farm for the summer.) "TIDY CROP OF HAY, MUM."
Lady. "BEAUTIFULLY TIDY—AND—ER—LET ME SEE—WHEN DO YOU THRESH IT?"

THE CHAMPIONS.

He was reading the paper opposite me, a little, pale, serious-looking man. He laid it down with a sigh. "Johnson's a wonder," he said. "The Champion of the World. Fancy that!"

"It is a lovely thing to be a champion," I quoted.

"Do you think so?" he asked.
"Why? I don't think so."

"Then perhaps you haven't experienced it?" I said.

"Oh, yes, I have," he replied gravely.
"I know all about it. I'm a champion too."

"You?" I said, rather rudely, I fear.

"Yes," he replied. "I'm the champion of Crouch End. Guess what I'm champion of."

This was delicate ground. I am too old to guess. But he plied me so that at last I gave way and suggested what I thought was fairly safe—billiards.

There have been lots of little weaklings who could play a good game at billiards.

"Yes," he said—"in a way."

"Not the game proper?" I inquired.

"Not exactly," he said. "But billiards, yes." He was quite grave.

"Pool?" I suggested.

"Not exactly," he said.

"Fives?"

"No."

"Then what is it? Tell me."

He stood up, for he had reached his station. "I hold the record," he said, "for losing hazards at pyramids. Good morning." And he was gone.

It is not often I get my leg pulled like that by a stranger.

"He scored his 119 in two hours, driving and occasionally putting with great power."

Daily Mail.

We ourselves frequently have recourse to a mashie shot over first slip's head.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Sir Drummond must have been the hero of many another novel than *The Laird of Craig Athol* (CONSTABLE). At any rate, when he comes into an estate, left to him by a cousin in default of any nearer of kin turning up, he knows that he is in for a poor thing. Though it has been made abundantly clear that there is no nearer of kin in existence, previous experience tells him that "there ain't going to be no" default. So he enters into possession with a heavy heart, and the merest effort of speering into the future by the local second-sighter drives him to wire in despair for his London solicitor. Had I been *Sir Drummond*, I should not have thus given in at the beginning of the first chapter. I should have reckoned, and reckoned rightly, that my author had not given me a beautiful daughter, *Meg*, for nothing. But there was no harm in sending for *Mr. Forbes*, as being the man to put everything right that might go wrong, for obviously this is not his first appearance as the kindly and omnipotent solicitor of fiction. At once he settles down to cross-examine everybody about everything, and to such good purpose that cross-examination becomes a craze, and all the characters set about questioning each other darkly. Finally, clever *Miss Isfield* comes along and starts cross-examining *Mr. Forbes*. For the rest, there is a bogus claimant, a genuine heir, some falling in love, a kidnapping, a half-dressed woman lying face-downwards on the carpet in a pool of blood, and a happy ending; from all of which you may gather that, though there is plenty of excitement and an ingenious mystery, this is not the best novel that *Mr. Frankfort Moore* has ever written.

In these days of astonishing heroines it is rather a comfort, I think, to learn that the advanced young person is not, after all, a wholly modern phenomenon. If we are to trust Mr. ASHTON HILLIERS who writes *The Master Girl* (METHUEN), she synchronised with the cave-bear and the rollicking hey-day of the mammoth. *Déh-Yän* (please don't forget those accents) was a little Moon Woman with a taste for scientific research, who benefited posterity by evolving the first bow and arrows out of the strung-drill, which, by the way, is a good word to try to say six times quickly during the hot weather (if any). The result of her enterprise was the complete success of her husband in a spear-throwing contest (it apparently had not occurred to anyone to bar "freak" implements) with *Honk-Ah*, one of the braves of the Sun-Disc tribe. The author is a little didactic at times (perhaps this is inevitable in palaeological fiction), but I can heartily recommend *The Master Girl* to that large section of the public which, possibly influenced

by *Mr. Punch*, has been accustomed to treat the romances of prehistoric man with irreverent badinage.

On the title-page of Mr. EVERARD HOPKINS' novel, *Lydia* (CONSTABLE), appears the dedication "To my Wife." I cannot help wondering whether there is not something rather more in this than the ordinary tribute from an author to the person whose sympathy may most properly have encouraged him in his work. Because a more essentially feminine book I never read. If it be true, as they say, that the success of a novel depends upon its appeal to the softer sex, then Mr. HOPKINS is assured of half-a-dozen editions at least. Women will delight in *Lydia*; the phases of her wooing by various suburban swains will be to them episodes of intense interest, all the more for being recorded by the author with a wealth of detail which sometimes I myself (if the secret must come out) felt to be a little over-elaborate. But then I hated all the young men so, which probably accounted for it. *Lydia's* married

career seemed to me ever so much the better half of the story. There are scenes in this, showing her struggle against, and final conquest by, the blighting influence of semi-genteel poverty, that are worth twenty of the earlier chapters. The visit of her old school-friend, especially, and the horrid failure of a day that was to do so much—I chuckled whole-heartedly over this, and for its sake am more than ready to forgive Mr. HOPKINS certain previous *longueurs* in his tale. And he has quite a bogie surprise waiting to jump out at the unsuspecting reader on the last page, the effect

of which will be entirely spoilt for those who (as many will) turn on to find whether *Lydia* and her irritating husband "make it up at the end." Wait and see.

Our Wonderful World.

From a letter in *The Daily Mail*:

"While busy fishing, from waders, on this occasion a woodcock suddenly emerged from the trees on the south bank carrying a chick in its feet."

Hence the waders—a truly motherly precaution.

"A professional man (bachelor), who has a well furnished and charming little Flat at Kensington, wishes to meet another gentleman to share same. Breakfast and use of everything, 27s. weekly. Can have all food."

No, no, we cannot accept such a sacrifice; we'll share the breakfast as well.

"Bike (Lady's) for Sale; cost £7; will sell for £4; does not agree with owner."—*Advt. in "Evening Chronicle."*

We know that bicycle. It always wants to go down hill when the owner wants to go up.



LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

MASTER JOCELYN'S NURSE FINDS THAT HIS NEW SUIT PLACES HIM BEYOND REACH OF HER DISCIPLINE.